

Bill and Beverly go on a date an IT oneshot by IceG0dde55

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Summary: Bill Denbrough agrees to go on a date with Beverly Marsh. As usual, this is kept between themselves. They know how their date will begin... how will it end? Based more on the novel .

Bill and Beverly go on a date an IT oneshot

Disclaimer: I do not own ANYTHING regarding any of Stephen King's characters, nor any of his works. This man is too awesome for me to steal even a bit. This is only a whim of mine, consider it a scene I wanted for myself because I really like the BillxBeverly pairing.

An IT One-shot

Bill And Beverly Go On A Date

Bill Denbrough stared at his lanky form in the mirror, he was wearing jeans and an old pair of Keds. He was experiencing a growing spurt lately and considered telling his mother he needed to buy more clothes soon. As quick as the thought came, Bill pushed it away, shaking his red hair as if swatting an invisible fly.

His mother would probably just nod at his request and go back to reading one of her novels, then she would reappear with the money, not out of love. More out of familial commitment. Her son was just 'there'. He was a familiar presence in the Denbrough residence, although Bill himself doubted his mother would fully acknowledge his existence ever again.

She had been this way since Georgie died.

Yes, Georgie's death had changed everything. It was as if his younger brother kept hogging his parents' attention even from beyond the grave. Then Bill felt an angry pang on his chest. He was thinking about George again. Bill's left hand closed into a fist as he tried to scare away the tears. Turning his back on the mirror, he breathed deeply and bowed his head. *He-he thu-thu-thrusts...heh-his fists against the puh-puh-posts and—and... (Georgie, I'm sorry)*

His eyes were tightly closed, and with a groan, his fist collided with the bed mattress. He gasped a little, opened his eyes wide and looked around the room. He noticed several shirts strewn across the mattress and he heaved, steadyng himself. He took a shirt and eyed it carefully. *Boy, this is hard, he thought. Aren't girls always fussing over*

clothes and stuff? But... Beverly Marsh is not like all the other girls...

Grinning a little, Bill looked down at his jeans again and decided they were good and manly. He would ask his father later for some money in exchange for mowing the lawn. He searched in one of his pockets and fished five dollars, more than enough for a date at the Aladdin with Beverly Marsh. Putting on a band shirt and smelling a bit of cologne, Bill Denbrough dashed all the way down to the garage to get Silver.

Beverly Marsh headed briskly down Jackson Street, toying with a cigarette. She had told Ol' Alvin Marsh, her father, that she was going to one of her girlfriends' house to play Parcheesi. As always, this was a bold face lie. Little Beverly Marsh found it very easy to lie because she didn't want her father to worry too much. She was certain her father loved her, but he worried so much. Alvin Marsh would be worried sick if he found out she smoked... He would worry until her too early death if he knew, *just knew*, she was going on a date what that strange, stuttering boy named Bill Denbrough. The name made her heart flutter and she smiled as she hop-scotched her way towards the Aladdin. Thinking of Bill made her forget about her father, about the town of Derry and twelve being an age too young to go on a date.

The Aladdin, Derry's only cinema, was packed due to the afternoon's double feature. However, the legion of people didn't prevent Henry Bowers and his cronies, Victor Criss and Belch Huggins, from spotting the pair and annoy the hell out of them in the ticket line.

"Well, looky here, the freak and the slut" Henry sneered. "Freak's gotta girlfriend?" he jeered on, Victor and Belch giggling stupidly at either side of him.

Beverly's eyes narrowed in cold, dangerous anger as she stood closer to Bill, almost clutching his arm. "Leave us alone, Bowers" she threatened coldly. "We haven't done anything to you".

Henry's eyes glittered with malice, he stepped forward, pushing Bill, provoking him. "Don't wanna make a scene in front of your girlfriend, eh freak? Need a woman to stick up for you?" He shoved Bill this time, smirking. Then it was Bill's turn to shove him.

"Cuh-cuh, cut it ow-out yuh-yuh-you ass-huh-ole" he breathed and pushed Henry so hard his backside hit the floor. The ticket lady hissed at the lot of them. "Y'all stop it or you're goin' out. All of yah" she shouted. Henry stood up, looking at Bill straight into his eyes and never leaving them. "This isn't over, you stuttering freak".

"Tuh-try me" Bill replied defiantly.

Henry harrumphed and motioned for Victor and Belch to follow him. Bill looked to his right and saw Beverly beside him, holding the tickets. Bill found her lovely in her baby blue blouse and denim shorts. She sported an angry weal on her left forearm, but he didn't put much thought into it. They went inside and sat together in the topmost row. After a while, he wrapped his arm around Beverly's shoulders whenever she cowered at a particularly gory scene.

Henry Bowers was small compared to how Bill felt for her at that moment. Whatever was happening in Derry was nothing. It was nothing compared to feeling the lovely red hair of Beverly Marsh between his fingers.

Beverly sat in front of the Aladdin with Bill by her side after the double feature ended. They had noticed Silver right away, and even for his height, the bike was too big for him. Silver always wobbled dangerously before Bill gained total control.

They smoked together, discussing the movie and badmouthing Henry Bowers. After lighting out the cigarettes, Beverly felt silent. She was looking into Bill's eyes. "There's something I want to know" she asked and Bill bobbed his head in agreement.

"Your hair is winter fire..." she recited, then trailed off. "You wrote that haiku, didn't you? she inquired, expecting the affirmative. Bill looked mildly puzzled.

"Nuh-no. Ah-ah-I dih-didn't ruh-write it" he answered and shook his head.

Beverly's stomach clenched a little. "But... I thought it would be you..." there was a hint of pain in her voice. "You're always writing and the teachers like it. You always say you want to be a writer..."

Bill's blue eyes softened and he gave her a little smile. "Yuh-yeah. I d-do wuh-wuh-wanna be a ruh-ruh-writer wuh-wuh-when I grow up... I'm suh-sorry, Bevvie, but ah-I did-ent do ih-it" He replied sadly, but gave her hand a soft squeeze. "I do-do like yuh-you thu-though".

Beverly didn't hesitate and gave Bill a quick, small kiss on the lips. Bill's eyes widened at their contact, brief, but burned into his memory. She then looked away, blushing pink and as Bill almost made way to kiss her again, Beverly gasped, her eyes wide and fearful. She hoped that wasn't Alvin Marsh standing at the other side of the sidewalk.

"Mih-mih-mister M-marsh... I cuh-cuh-can eh-eh-explain" Bill said as he stepped forward looking at Alvin Marsh's sallow face. Beverly was cowering behind Bill.

Marsh's face was creased in a calm fury. "My Bevvie is not allowed to date any boys, I worry about her a lot" he heaved, his chest rising and falling quickly. His teeth were bared. "I worry, I worry a lot" he snarled "to find her with punks like you!" he cried and shoved Bill out of the way and went for his daughter.

"Daddy, no... PLEASE!" she screamed horrified as her father grabbed her by her hair, pulling her close to him and almost lifting her. Old Marsh hissed down her jaw line, out of himself and a flicker of tongue was going down her neck. Beverly's cheeks were sodden with tears. "I didn't give you permission to go on a date, right Bevvie?" He pulled her hair harder, "Bevvie, I worry a lot..."

Bill's mind spun wildly while Beverly wailed to no one in particular but to her miserable self. To his horror, he noticed a line of orange puffs on Alvin Marsh's shirt...

"Bev-Bevvie! Ih-uh-it's IT! Thu-huh-that's...nuh-nuh-nuhhhh..." He then screamed out his frustration as Pennywise the clown turned a pitiless gaze on Bill, fangs, pointy and bloody, were on full display. Bill pressed on, shouting as Beverly struggled. "Thu-thu-that's-that's not your Dad! That's not your Dad, Bevvie! It's Puh-pen-Pennywise! Pennywise, Beverly, IT!"

The clown flung Beverly away and she hit the floor hard, scraping an arm and knee. "You can't go against me, Buh-Buh-Billy Boy!" Pennywise mocked and cackled. "You can only try, you foolish boy!" it screamed as Beverly scurried to Bill's side and both ran for it, for Silver.

Bevvie, you never said you feared your Dad... Bill thought wildly as they both were clinging to Silver as he wobbled until Bill could recover his balance. Pennywise laughed hysterically, "this isn't over, stupid boy" it shrieked. Beverly wrapped her arms around Bill's waist and he pedaled away from Pennywise. Away from It.

Silver bolted down at lightning speed, the wind blowing Bill and Beverly's hair like winter fire. All that could be heard was that perfect mystical cry, which always cropped up when Bill rode Silver: "HI-OH SILVER! AWAAAAAY!"

Three lonely orange puffs lay scattered on the street. They are sifting away into darkness. Once again, Bill Denbrough beats the devil.

End notes:

As I said before, I like this pairing a lot and I wanted them together in the end, as kids and as adults. I know it's cliché, but I can't help it.

I tried to keep the same atmosphere, close to the book, and it's pretty much a scene I wanted and never found it in the book. I'm aware I won't be able, ever, to match or duplicate King's style. My utmost admiration goes to him and his work.

It's M-rated for language and references to child abuse, oh, and outright violence. I wanted to keep it at T, but nah, this deserved better.

Hope you like it. Thanks.